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WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1871.

Choice Loetry.

THE CLOSING SCENE. BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

sober realm of leafless trees, et year inhaled the dreamy air, tanned reaper in his hour of case, the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray borns, looking from their hasy hills, O'er the dun waters winding in the vales. Sent down the air a greeting to the mills, In the dull thunder of alternate finis.

The embatiled forests, crewhile, armed in gold, Their hanners bright with every martial has, Now stood, like some and, beaten host of old, Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

in sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;

The duve scarce heard his sighing mate a complain
had, like a star, slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew— Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest, Made garralous trouble round her unfiedged; And where the oriole hung her swaying nest, By every light wind like a censer awung;

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast.
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn. Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quall, And croaked the crow thro all the dreary gloom; Alone, the phessant, drumming in the vale, Made echo to the distant cottage loam.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers: The spiders were their thin shrouts, night by night; The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers. Salled slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreamy air.

And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch;— Amid all this, the centre of the scene.

The white-haired matron, with monotonous treaPlied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

While yet her check was bright with Summer bloc Her country summoned, and she gave her all; And twice, war bowed to her his sable plume— Regave the sword, to rust upon the wall.

Regave the sword, but not the hand that drew, And struck for liberty the dying blow; Nor him who, to his sire and country true, Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on, Like the low marmur of a hive at noon; Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone Breathed through her lips a sad and fremulous

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed; Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene; And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud, While loath and Winter closed the Autumn scene.

## Select Story.

## NICK OF THE WOODS; -OR.-THE JIBBENAINOSAY.

A TALE OF KENTUCKY.

"Fear me not, Edith Forrester," he repeated, with a voice even more soothing than before: "Ten-yes—yes," muttered Edith at last, but in tones of an automaton, they were, at first, so broken and inarticulate, though they gathered force and vehremence as she spoke—"I know you." They gried in a strength of the orphan; and this hand that holds me in red with the blood of my cousin. Oh, villain! villaini are you not yet content!" "The prite is not yet way," replied the orphan; and this hand that holds me in red with the blood of my cousin. Oh, villain! villaini are you not yet content!" "The prite is not yet way," replied the orrest of the red with the blood of my cousin. Oh, villain! villaini are you not yet content!" "The prite is not yet way," replied the orrest of the red with the blood of my cousin. Oh, villaini villaini are you not yet content!" "The prite is not yet way," replied the orrest of the red with the search in the search of the red with the red with the search of the red with the red with the red with the search of the red with shed within an inch of his eyes; white a voice, "interrupted Braxley, with the sneer of a naturally mean and vindictive spirit, "you will more like to assist you when do you expect it? From wild, murderous, besotted Indian, who, if roused from their drunken slumbers, would be more like to assail you with their hards; who, if roused from their drunken slumbers, would be more like to assail you with their hards; would be more like to assail you with their hards; that, you are now in their hands;—there is not one of them who would not rather see those golden tresses hung blackening in the smoke from the rafters of his wigwam, than floating over the brows they adorn—Look aloft; the and tender, swinging above you!—Learn, more over, that from these dangerous friends there is none who can protect you, saveme. Ay, my beautious Edith," he added, as the captive, overcome by the representation of her perils so unscriptionally, may, so sternly made, sank almost fainting upon the pile, "it is even so; and you must know it. It is needful you should know what you have to expect, if you reject my protection. But that you will not reject: in faith, you cassot! The time has come, as I told you it would, when your disdainful scruples—I speak plainly, fair Edith!—are to be at an end. I swore to you.

—and it was when your scorn and unbelief were at the highest—that you should yet smit enough the man you disdained, and smile upon no other. It was a rough and uncouth threat for a lover, but my mistress would have it so. It was a vow not mean you disdained, and smile upon no other. It was a rough and uncouth threat for a lover, in they have succeede. You are mine; or you are nothing. It is ween so; or you are nothing. It was a wow not mean and deception. You are mine; or you are nothing. It is ween so; or you are nothing. It is even so; in the yhave succeeded. You are mine; or you are nothing. It is not the moment for compilment and deception. You are mine; or you are nothing. It is not the moment of the proposition of the propositio

A PARE MINISTER NATIONAL STATES AND THE PARE AND THE PARE

"The knave has endangered us, and to the value of the scalp on his own foolish head;" muttered a Nathan, his indignation speaking in a voice louder of than a whisper; "but, truly, he will pay the price; and, truly, his lose is the maiden's redeeming!" and the deserted the carotions, who, covering like him as elf-among the weeds around Wenonga's hut, now the young Virginian, who, reaking eagerly up, of classed the rescued captive in his arms, crying—"Forward now, for the love of Heaven! forward, forward!"

"Thee has rained all!" cried Nathan, with bits terproach, as Edith, rousing from insensibility at the well known voice, oppend her eyes upon the known upon of everything but his presence——The presence of him whose supposed dashed with a cry of fay that was head over the whole with a cry of fay that was head over the whole with a cry of fay that was head over the whole with a cry of fay that was head over the whole of the winds and the uporar of men and animals.

"Thee has rained all,—theeself and the maid! Save thee own life!"

With these words, Nathan strove to tear Edith from his grap, to make one moreeffort for her reserved the control of the winds and the uporar of men and animals.

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"The and perveving that a docum Indianal and the was almost immediately recognized by half a dozen different was recognized by half a dozen different and with a self devotion which marked his love, his consciousness of error, and his heroism of character, waved Nathan away, while he himself ranked the was almost immediately recognized by half a dozen different was not been proposed to the winds and the was almost immediately recognized by half a dozen different and the was almost immediately recognized by half a dozen different and the was a long to th on which self devotion which marked his love, had with self devotion which marked his love, had he with a self devotion which marked his love, had been supported by the self-way while he himself maked back upon the pursaers, not so much, however, in the vain hope of disputing the path, as, by lay-ing down his life on the spot, to purchase our The acts, so unexpectedly, so andacionsly bold, drew a shout of admiration from throats which had before only uttered yell of fury: but it was, mingled with fierce laughter, as the savages, with out he sitating at, or indeed seening at all to regard, his menacing position, ran upon him in a body, and avoiding the only how they gave him the power to make, seized and disarmed him, the power to make, seized and the service of the services of the services of the services of the services of the power to make, seized and to seize the services of the service

# Miscellany.

THE SMITTEN CITY.

I heard a parson of the school of Balaam Lift up the lessen of the faming town, And like a peddler in the will of Heaven, Show how its sins invoked the Sovereig

Thus the dead lion ever is insulted By asses' colts, whose pity is a blow; And fallen Empires find their last misfort In shallow platitudes from fool and foc.

Not in thy embers do we rake for fully, But like a martyr's nakes gather thee, With chastened prids and tender melanch. The miracle thou wast, and yet will be? Not merely in the bonages of churches. Or bells of praise tolled o er the inland seas. Thou glorited our God and human nature. With meeter works and grander melodies,

Of cheerful toil and willing enterprises.
Of hearty faith in freedom and in man;
The hear old capitals looked on in winder.
To see the swift, strong race this stripling ran.

How akilifully the golden grain transmuted To birds of sail and meteors of spark, And like another Noah, bade creation March in the teeming masses of the ark.

Yet in his power most frank and democratic, He roused no envious witness of his joy; And in the statue of the Prince and hero, We saw the laughing dimples of a loy.

Still wise and apt among the oldest merchants, His young example steered the wary mart. And amplest credit poured its gold around him, And trade imperial gave scope for art.

His architectures passed all heathen splender; The Immigrating Goth drew wondering near To see his shafts and srches tall and slender. Branch o'er the new homes of this plomeer.

The Greek and Roman there might see rebuild In vastness equal and in style as pure. The merchants markets, like a palace gilded, With marble walls and deep entablature. His two score bridges swinging on their pivots, The long and laden line of vessels speci, While he, impatient, marched beneath the sluices His hosts, like Cyrus, on the river bed.

Then, when all weak predictions proved but scandal, And the wild marshes grew a sovereign a home, A dozing cow o'erset an urchin's candle— Once more a fool had fired Ephesian dome.

The artiess winds, that blew o'er plains of cattle, And cooled the corn through all the Summer da Plunged like wild steeds in pastine or in battle. Straight in the blinding brightness of the blase. And down fell bridge, and parapet, and lintel; The blazing barques went drifting, one by an The mighty city wrapped its head in spiendor, And sank into the waters like the sun!

Till, looking round thee, in thy wondrous pity, Thyself alone erect, intact, upreared, Disslaining to outfive the glorious city, With innate heat transfigured, disappeared.

Yet, from the grave Chicago's wondrons spirit Comes forth all brightness, o'er the darkened To say again: "Le! I am with you, brethren; With all my thorns, I wear my civic crown. "To die is sweet, embaimed in your compass Your oil and wine make life in every rent; Oh, let me lean a little while upon you. And walk to strength in your encourageme

THE "GREAT YEAR."

### (From the Toledo Blade.) THE NAMEY LETTERS.

Wr. Nusby at the New York Despocratic State Convention—The Part Mr. Tweed took in it —How the Puppets were Worked, and who Worked them.

(WICH IS IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY.)
October 14, 1871.

(WICH IS IN THE STATE OF KENTICKY.)

October 14, 1871.

I am in the sere and yaller leaf, and hev seen much uv politics, but never in my life did I ever see a convenshun so bootifully managed ez the late Dimocratic Convenshun at Rochester, Noo York, I wuz ther by speshel invitashen uv my old friend, Dennis O'Shaughuessy, uv the 6th Ward, Noo York, who, sence I left the Harp uv Erin 'Sloon, hez improved wonderfully in a worldly pint uv view. He wuz then a hod-carrier by profeshun, and a repseter by practice. He attracted the attenshun uv Mr. Tweed, by his zeal in votin and his bravery in nockin down opposishen voters, and wuz uv coarse rewarded. He is now Assistant Inspecter uv Musket Triggers uv the Ninth Regimental Armory, at a salary uv \$300 per month; Skool Inspecter in the Sixth Ward, at a salary uv \$400 per month; and Thirty-Second Assistant Law Adviser to the commishun for condemnin private property, for streets and sich, at a salary uv \$300 per year; besides wich, he hez a tenth interest in the contrack for keepin the glass in repair uv the two back winders uv two Armories, out uv wich he made \$10,000 in the first six months. He wuz to hev hed the contrack for the two front winders in addishun, but the raid the peeple made onto the Ring busted that. He hez, however, invested largely in city lots, and wears kid gloves, and a dimond ez big ez a poach stone. Dennis sed that ef the infernal Amerikeus and Germans kin be heat down, and the centrole uv Noo York left with the Irish, wher it belongs, he will be tolerably well off in a year or two.

be beat down, and the centrole uv Noo York left with the Irish, wher it belongs, he will be tolerably well off in a year or two.

Denais bein uv consekence in the party, wuz, uv coarse, in the private comusels uv the managers uv the State Convenshun. He and Tweed, Sweeny, Conolly, Mayor Hall, Keyser, Garvin, and the entire convocashen, wuz at Rochester, tho nobody knowed it. They went in a speshel private car, and hed private rooms at the Osborne House, with a telegraph wire runnin directly to the Hall into wich the Convenshun wuz held. It wuz the most impressive scene I ever witnesst; one wich these old eyes will probly never look onto agin. Ther in a eay cheer sot one man directin the deliberashens uv a Convenshun uv the grate State av Noo York—one brain thinkin for a thousand—one hand gidin a thousand. He directed the Convenshen to cheer when Seymour's name wuz amounts ez a delegate, and they cheered—he directed ent to reject the Tammany delegashen from the city, and they wuz rejected—he directed ent to do everything that wuz done, and they did it.

"My grate sir," sed I, in astonishment at the nower he weelded, "why don't yoo go over to the Hall and direct the Convenshun?"

"My gentle sir," retorted he, with a bland smile, ez he dictated a message directin uv the Convenshun to cheer when the rejecshun uv the Tammany delegates wuz annonneed, "my dear sir, I AM THER! Ther's a hundred uv my hands a clappin vociferously at this minit. Ther's a grate many uv me in that hall."

up to the ceilin this minit—ther's two hundred uv
my hands a clappin vociferously at this minit.
Ther's a grate many uv me in that hall."

After the neijurnment uv the Convenshun for
dinner, the Cheerman uv the Committee on Resolooshens came into the room to submit the resolooshens they hed prepared, that they mite be
shoor they wood meet Mr. Tweed's jiees. Tho
grate man red em attentively, and handed uv em
back.

"They won't do," sed he, seutenshualy.

"In wat respeck are they faulty!" askt the
Cheerman, obsequiously.

"Woodent it be well enuff," sed Tweed, with a
smile still more bland than the first, "woodent it

smile still more bland than the first, "woodent it be well enuff to put in a resolooshen denouncing be well enuff to put in a resolooshen denouncin corrupshen, in general terms, ny coarse, specifyin partikelerly, however, the espeshol corrupshen uv the Nashnel Goverment, and that uv States wich is under Radikal controle?"

The sublimity uv sich a sejestion comin' from Tweed, struck the cheerman all uv a heap.
"Certainly, I will, ef yoo wish it," sed he; "but I sposed—that is, my ijec wuz—in a general way, yoo know, that the least sed about corrupshen, in